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Greetings and a Message to the Dear Children

By Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D.



686
Chr.Sci
Stetson

Love's Lullaby

Words and Music by
Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D.

Andante

p

1. Lul - la - by, ba - by dear, cra - dled in blue, An - gels and
2. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one, soar in your dream O - ver the
3. Lul - la - by, ba - by - bye, cra - dled in blue, Sleep on and
4. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, moth - er love sings O - ver the

p

moth - er - love watch o - ver you, Un - der your slum - ber robe,
house - top, the moun - tain and stream; High - er and high - er, love,
dream on your nap - a - bye through; In your sweet slum - ber Love's
cra - dle of peas - ant and kings, "God is the Fa - ther and

rit.

pre-cious one, rest, Lul - la - by, sleep - a - bye, in your soft nest.
soon you will fly In - to the dream - land on Love's Lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by hear: "God and His an - gels and moth - er are near."
Moth - er of all," This is Christ's mes - sage to great and to small.

rit.

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Greetings and a Message
to the
Dear Children

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"Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings
Over the cradle of peasant and kings,
'God is the Father and Mother of all,'
This is Christ's message to great and to small."

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Greetings and a Message to the Dear Children

by

Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D.

Illustrated by
Isabel L. Whitney

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

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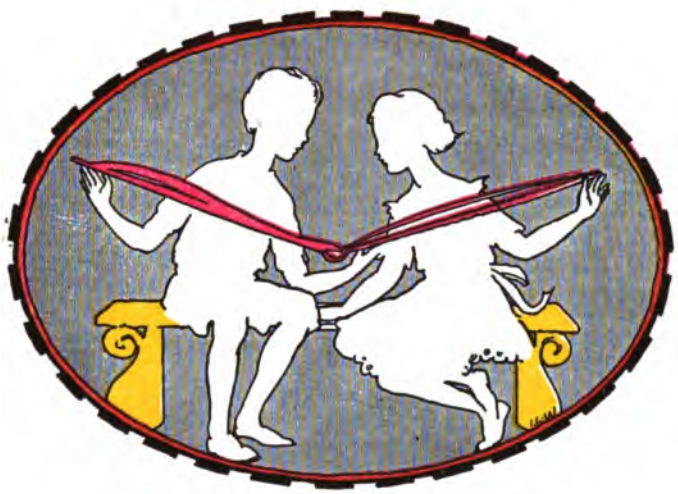
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To The Dear Children
of The Twentieth Century

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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Over the cradle of peasant and kings,
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"Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through;
In your sweet slumber Love's Lullaby hear:
'God and His angels and mother are near'" . . *Page* 28

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GREETINGS AND A MESSAGE
TO THE
DEAR CHILDREN

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.—CHRIST JESUS. (*Matthew xviii., 2-5.*)

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. (*Isaiah xi., 6.*)

Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—CHRIST JESUS. (*Matthew xix.*, 13-14)

Laboring long to shake the adult's faith in matter and to inculcate a grain of faith in God,—an inkling of the ability of Spirit to make the body harmonious,—the author has often remembered our Master's love for little children, and understood how truly such as they belong to the heavenly kingdom.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, page 130.*)

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If a child is exposed to contagion or infection, the mother is frightened and says, "My child will be sick." The law of mortal mind and her own fears govern her child more than the child's mind governs itself, and they produce the very results which might have been prevented through the opposite understanding.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Science and Health, page 154.*)

Willingness to become as a little child and to leave the old for the new, renders thought receptive of the advanced idea.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Science and Health, page 323.*)

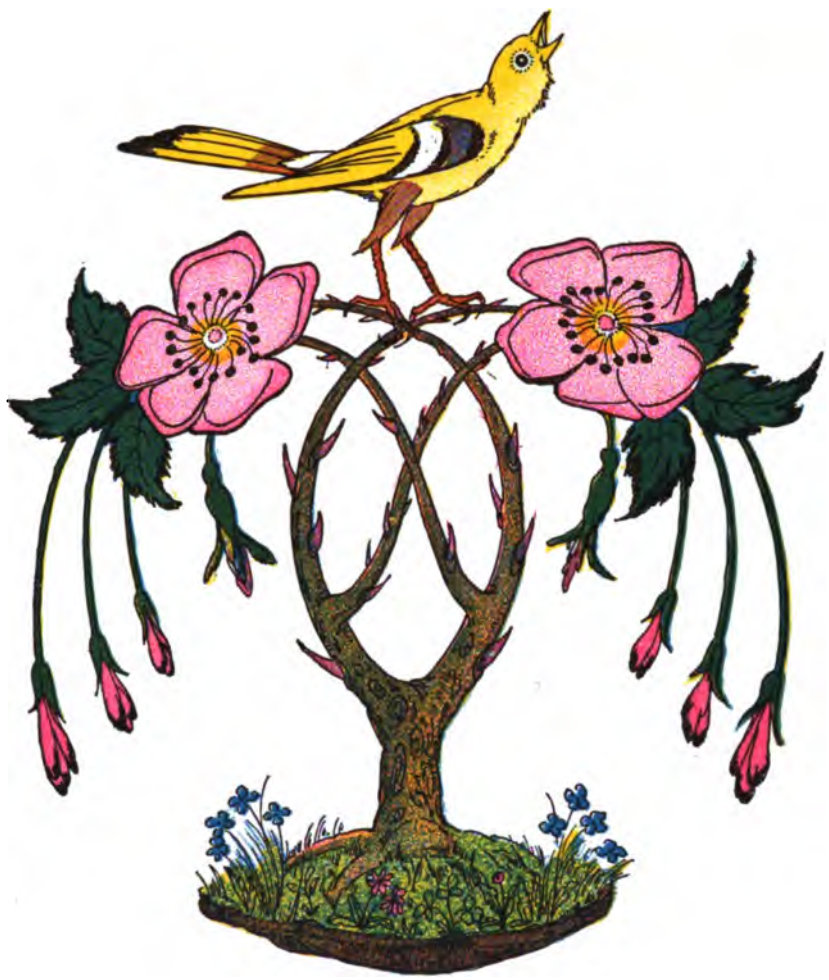
Beloved children, the world has need of you,—and more as children than as men and women: it needs your innocence, unselfishness, faithful affection, uncontaminated lives. You need also to watch, and pray that you preserve these virtues unstained, and lose them not through contact with the world.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Miscellaneous Writings, page 110.*)

Children not mistaught, naturally love God; for they are pure-minded, affectionate, and generally brave.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Miscellaneous Writings, page 240.*)

A child can measurably understand Christian Science, for, through his simple faith and purity, he takes in its spiritual sense that puzzles the man.—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Message for 1900, page 6.*)

Ah, children, you are the bulwarks of freedom, the cement of society, the hope of our race!—MARY BAKER EDDY. (*Pulpit and Press, page 9.*)

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SPRING GREETING

The bird of hope is singing
A lightsome lay, a cooing call,
And in her heart is beating
A love for all—
"'Tis peace not power I seek,
'Tis meet that man be meek."

MARY BAKER EDDY.

Miscellany, p. 341.

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Sweeter than lullabies, sung by the mother;
Clearer than ocean's roar, heard in the shell;
Softer than zephyrs, the voice of the Father—
"Child, I am with thee, fear not, all is well."

AUGUSTA E. STETSON.

Poems, p. 72.

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Dear Children of the Twentieth Century:—

FOR some time I have felt an impelling desire to write to you, and recently have questioned myself regarding my untiring efforts—frequent sacrifice of personal ease, walks and automobile rides and visits with dear friends, and a great sacrifice of material possessions,—that I may tell you, as well as the "children of a larger growth," of the light and health and happiness and strength and oneness with our Father-Mother God, which Christ Jesus taught and demonstrated, and which, in this age, Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, restored to the world. Therefore I shall obey the divine guidance —the law of unselfed love, and tell *you*, dear children, of the Truth, which has given *me*, and thousands, health, happiness, and a love for our Father-Mother God, including every child of God, for there is but one God, one creator, who is eternal Life and Love. Every one is God's child and is really our brother or sister. We must learn to think good thoughts and then we will see them as God made

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them. We are told that "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Suppose I "reminisce" just for a while,—go back to my childhood and tell you some of my experiences, when I was a little girl. I had a dear earthly father and mother, whom I loved so dearly, that I was always perfectly happy when I was with them. They were very religious,—by this I mean that they loved the Holy Bible and tried to obey God's law and follow Christ Jesus' teaching, and I think they *must* have *obeyed* Christ's teaching, for they were so good and so healthy and happy. You know, dear little ones, that the Bible is the book that tells us what God says to His people, through men who love Him and who obey His commandments, one of which reads:

> Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

These men were called prophets. They prophesied, or foresaw and foretold the result of wrong thoughts, or thoughts which were not God, or good thoughts, Life and Love and Truth thoughts. Ages ago people were told to be good and obey God, if they wanted to be happy themselves

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and be able to make others well and happy. Elijah was one of the prophets who talked with God and taught the people to think God, or good thoughts, so you see, God spoke through him, and of course Elijah's thoughts were all life and love and truth thoughts and these good, God thoughts made the people, who obeyed God's voice through Elijah, happier and healthier.

Did you ever hear, children, that once Elijah went into a house, and he must have been *very* hungry, for he asked for something to eat? There was a mother who lived in that house with her little son, and she told Elijah that she had only oil and meal enough to make one cake for her little boy's breakfast and that then they must die. Elijah told her to take the meal and the oil and make a cake for *him*, and she made it and he ate it all. When my Sunday School teacher told me this story, I said I thought Elijah was a very horrid man and very selfish to eat the cake that the mother was saving for her little boy's breakfast. Then my teacher told me that the mother knew that Elijah was God's prophet and that she trusted him to ask God to save her and her little son. Of course *Elijah* knew that God would give him all that he asked for. Every Chris-

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tian knows this, for the Bible tells them to "Ask, and ye shall receive." So he told the mother that the meal should not waste, neither should the cruse of oil fail, and they did not, for the story reads, "She, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the . . . meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail."

Then there was another prophet, Elisha, who told a woman how to get the money to pay her debts. The man to whom she owed the money was going to take her two sons and make them work to pay this big debt. Of course, the mother felt very sorry that her sons would have to work hard to pay *her* debt. Elisha asked her if she had anything to eat in the house. She said, "Nothing save a pot of oil;" and then he told her to send out and borrow empty vessels of all her neighbors. You see, the mother was obedient to the prophet's word and she had her reward, for all the vessels that she had borrowed from her neighbors Elisha filled with oil, which she sold, and she paid all her debts. It is right for every one to pay his or her own debts, is it not, children?

If every one knew Elijah's and Elisha's and Christ Jesus' God,—and there is only one God,—there would not be any-

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"The pearly gates were not to be compared to the wooden gate that swung open and welcomed me, as I went into my own 'home, sweet home,' where were my dear, loving parents."—(*Page 17*)

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body in debt, would there? If everybody knew that the God of Elijah and Elisha and Christ Jesus was *their* God and *their* loving Father, no one would be worried about debts and there would be no hungry people and no starving children. I think, children, if Elijah and Elisha were here to-day, they could feed all the hungry little and big children here and in Europe, and I *know*, I really *do know* that Christ Jesus could. I think that all the earthly fathers and mothers and everybody had better find God and He will feed all His little and big children, do you not?

Christ Jesus and his disciples knew, that if people would be healthy and happy, they must love God and love each other, because God is the Father and Mother, or creator, of every one and of every thing that is good and real, and of nothing that is not good, so that anything that is not good is *unreal* and we must not believe in what God never made. You know that you must love your little brothers and sisters and be unselfish and kind, and share with them the good things you have, if *you* wish to be happy, and make your earthly father and mother and home happy. As you grow older you will see, that if there is but one God, one creator, and this God is Life and Love, that

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every one must be your brother or sister and you must love them, because God is Life and Love, and *He* made them like *Himself*,—good, and that they are all His good children, whom He made in "His own image." Even the birds and fishes and animals, the flowers and trees and mountains, God made and they are all good, because there is but one creator, or Father-Mother God, and one *real* world. God is Life and Love, and I believe and understand, with thousands who try to follow Christ, that He is the cause or creator of all that is *real* and *eternal*. If He is All, then every one and every thing must be His thoughts, or children. God's thoughts are good thoughts, Love thoughts, Truth thoughts, and therefore there can never be any reality in a thought or thing which is not good. God being good, and all that He made good, like Himself, we can never admit another power, as *real*, such as unkind thoughts, selfish thoughts, ungrateful thoughts, for those wrong thoughts, if indulged, make little children, or big children, very unhappy, very unlovable and sometimes very sick. They are naughty thoughts, which God never made, and the little children of this century are learning to think God (good) thoughts. They are resisting thoughts

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which make them sick, or unhappy, and which make others unhappy.

When I was a little girl, no one knew that thoughts made people well and happy, or sick and disagreeable to themselves and every one. Had my dear mother known that her *fear* that some disease, called contagious, was a wrong thought, she never would have transferred her disease-thought to me, her darling child. She would never have touched me with that naughty thought—fear; and I should have been spared colds and children's diseases, and *she* would have had, during those sick-thought days, a happy, healthy little daughter, to give her joy and reward her for her tender mother-love. However, I survived my parents' idolatry and have learned how to think God (good) thoughts to every one, and how to refuse to think any but



"I did not want to leave my horse"

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God thoughts, life and love, to all. This gives me,—and gives every one who obeys God's law of Life and Love,—health, happiness and love for all, and for every thing that God made. It also gives the repelling power of Love to fear, and Love chases away naughty thoughts and protects little children and big children from their influence.

My dear mother was my first Sunday School teacher. I used to commit verses from the Bible and I learned the history of Jesus' wonderful power to heal the sick. But I thought, as Jesus was the Son of God, that God gave *him* special power to do this work. Jesus said to his early disciples, "The works that I do shall he [ye] do also, and greater works than these shall he [ye] do;" but I never thought that I was also God's child and could do the same, if I understood and obeyed the law of God, as Christ Jesus did. My mother was shocked when I questioned the prayer she taught me to say before I went to sleep, which ran thus:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

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I did not want to say this prayer, because I did not want to die and leave my dear parents, my horse and piano and organ and home. I would often tell my father, who desired to make me a musician, that other little girls' fathers and mothers did not keep them in the house on bright, sunny days, practising on a piano, or an organ. But father was insistent, and when I was fourteen years old I played the



"When I was fourteen years old I played the organ in my father's church"

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organ in his church. It was not a great big pipe organ, children, but it was an old-fashioned Mason & Hamlin organ, with but seven or eight stops, which I played for four years. I learned after a while, that the organist, whom they discharged, was paid $600 a year, and father, who was a church official, was saving that money for his church; for in all those four years they never paid *me* anything. Perhaps father was teaching me the lesson of obedience and unselfishness. He was an architect, and built and loved his church edifice, and, children, does it not seem strange that years afterwards, Mrs. Eddy sent me to New York City to preach and teach Christian Science, and to heal the sick, and that, with my students, *I* built a church edifice, First Church of Christ, Scientist, on the corner of 96th Street and Central Park West, and as soon as completed (in 1903) we dedicated it, as a tribute of love and gratitude to our Leader, Mary Baker Eddy. When the big pipe organ was brought into the church to be set up, and the console was on the floor and many workmen were there, a man came up and passed me a brown paper, upon which was written, "Madam, will you play *'Nearer My God'* for the boys?" I told them I would, if they would

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sing it with me, which they did. So I was the first one to play the organ in the church over which Mrs. Eddy gave me charge.

As a child, I rebelled at the prayer, "If I should die before I wake." To-day, dear children, you can go to Slumberland with the prayer that dear Mrs. Eddy has given to children of the twentieth century, and which will never take you away from your parents, but will teach you that God is your life and that you cannot be separated from Life and Love. You will learn that God thoughts are life. This is Mrs. Eddy's prayer, which thousands of little ones offer to our loving Father-Mother God every night:

Father-Mother God,
Loving me,—
Guard me when I sleep
Guide my little feet
Up to Thee.

There is another prayer, whose author I do not know:

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I know that God His child will keep.
I know that God, my life, is nigh;
I live in Him; I cannot die.

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God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is All; I know no fear,
Since Life and Love, dear God, is here.

My second Sunday School teacher was shocked, when I asked her how she knew that heaven was such a lovely place. Had someone come back and told her? She said in heaven the streets were golden and the gates were pearl and the men were playing on harps. I asked her if there were any mothers in heaven and little children, for I did not want to go to a place where there were no mothers and no little children. In my child mind I used to picture golden streets, and they seemed so bright they dazzled me and made me lonely. I compared them with the streets that led up to dear Grandma's house, where I used to linger to pick the glossy pink thistles and the wild roses, whose perfume I drank in, till I opened the gate, which enclosed the old-fashioned garden, radiant with marigolds, lilacs, bluebells, asters, sunflowers, and all garden roses. Compared with these, heaven's golden streets had no attraction for me. The harps also failed to lure me, for the only harps I ever had seen were played

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"I used to linger to pick the glossy pink thistles and the wild roses."—(*Page 16.*)

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in the streets by wandering musicians, and my imagination could not change the picture. The pearly gates were not to be compared to the wooden gate that swung open and welcomed me, as I went into my own "home, sweet home," where were my dear, loving parents.

All this time their love for God and their efforts to obey His law and to follow Christ, made such an impression on my child mind, that I loved my heavenly Father and was always a prayerful, happy child. I believe I *have always resisted a separation from God*, who is Life and Love and my source and supply of being, although I never understood the Science, or Principle of being, until Mrs. Eddy taught me to love good and make all evil unreal, by understanding that all were God's children. She told me that some day every one would stop thinking bad, wrong thoughts which cause suffering, and would think God thoughts, and let God (good) thoughts govern them and give them life and strength and every good thing. Some day every one will know that God is our loving Father-Mother and that He loves and cares for each of His children. Christ Jesus told us this and Mrs. Eddy taught us to follow and obey his teachings. They are all work-

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able when we admit that God is Mind, intelligence, eternal Life, Love, and Truth, and that God is the *only* creator. So if we just learn this and begin to think God (good) thoughts, think loving thoughts, think of every one as good and as God's child, and refuse to believe they are not, we shall find ourselves under God's law and shall be healthy and happy. God's law is life and love, and in God there is no sin, sickness, nor *seeming* death.

God feeds and clothes every child of His, just as He clothes the lilies. One day when the people were following Christ Jesus to hear his teaching, they became very hungry and the disciples had only five loaves and two fishes with which to satisfy their own hunger. Jesus told them to call the people and ask them to sit down on the grass and five thousand hungry people obeyed. It was a big picnic, was it not, children? But Jesus knew that God would feed these dear people, because they had been following him, to learn how he healed the sick and walked on the water, and Love supplied enough food for these five thousand people. They ate all they wanted, and I do not doubt that they were *very* hungry; and yet there were left twelve baskets full. I never heard what they

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did with the twelve baskets that were filled with food, but probably they took care of it and saved it for some other hungry folks, whom they might meet. Certainly we know that it was not wasted, for that would not have been right. We should never waste anything. Perhaps you think that fish and bread made a poor picnic, but you, children, must know that the people, in that day, liked fish and bread better than anything else, and I do not believe they would have cared at all for the nice sandwiches and cake and ice cream, which mothers to-day give to their little boys and girls when they go on a picnic party.

Dear little children, do you not wish that Christ would come again and feed the dear people who, we are told, are so faint for need of bread, and the dear little children all over the world, who are said to be so hungry and so unhappy and so ill-clad—no shoes, no nice warm sweaters, and no one to put them in soft little beds and hear their prayers and kiss them good night? Christ said, "Lo, I am with you alway;" and *I* believe he *is here* and we *shall see him*, when we are good and kind and loving, and he will feed all the world and clothe every one,—his little children and his big children, and all the animals and birds and

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fishes, and he will make every thing so bright and so beautiful! He *said* he would come again and we must believe it, because Christ is Truth. One of his disciples said, and we find this in the New Testament, "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time." So he will come, because he promised, and when we are good enough we shall *see* him, and every one will be *so* happy!

Is it not pitiful to see what naughty, selfish, greedy, ungrateful thoughts have done to bring suffering to innocent little children? God never takes the earthly fathers and leaves the little ones to suffer. War does it, and war-thoughts are hate, and envy, and fear, and selfishness, and these thoughts are evil. They make wars and cause the dear children and all to suffer.

I used to try to commit to memory the verses of *The Star Spangled Banner.* I did not like the words, "proud war's desolation." My vivid imagination pictured "desolation." The "rockets' red glare" disturbed me too, for I knew that some dear father or brother would get hurt or killed and mothers would grieve for their dear boys, who came home sick and wounded, or were killed by the

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"bombs bursting in air," so I did not sing any words until it came to

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,

and these words I sang. I always like to think of America as "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and the Stars and Stripes are dearer to me than ever. They have waved from my house every day for nearly three years. But *entre nous*, children, just between you and me, I do not think that every one who sings those words is "brave" and "free." They are not all brave enough to obey God's law, to love and trust their heavenly Father to feed and clothe them. Christ Jesus told them that God would feed and clothe them, as He clothes the lilies, if they would obey the law of Truth, and love their neighbors as themselves. You and I know that lots of people are not free. They may think they are, because they are not slaves, nor in a prison, but they *are* slaves to belief in a power opposed to Life and Love, God,—the belief of life in matter instead of the understanding of Life in Mind. They are slaves to fear that they may become sick, or poor, or die. This fear is a death-thought and only thoughts of Life and Love

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(God) can destroy fear. The Bible says, "Fear hath torment." Paul speaks of "them who through *fear* of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Christ Jesus and Mrs. Eddy teach us that God, our heavenly Father, our creator, is Life and Love and Truth, and that what people call "death" is but an illusion, or dream, and that people awake from this dream and find that they have not died. Some time they must conquer evil thoughts that cause seeming death. Finally every one must learn about the Principle of being, Spirit, or Mind, which is God, in whom we all live forever and forever.

I wonder, children, if among the many poems which have been written about America, you have ever seen the one entitled *Our America*. It at once appealed to me as progressive and Mrs. Eddy says, "Progress is the law of God." The Bible tells us that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all;" that is, no sin, no sickness, no death, for all these conditions come from wicked thoughts, which also cause war, and they do not belong to God, nor to His children. This anthem begins thus:

America, America, thou gavest birth
To light that lighteth all the earth.
God keep it pure!

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[From an old print]

WASHINGTON AS MASTER OF ALEXANDRIA LODGE, F. & A. M., 1789

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We love that onward leading light;
We will defend it with our might;
It shall endure!

America was discovered in the year 1000, by a Norseman, Leif Ericson. Certainly, America was born of spiritual thoughts, or spiritual ideals, the light that will finally light all the earth and dispel all the darkness, suffering, and sorrow. *God will keep it pure* and *we* will defend this light with all our might. Americans often recall the words of George Washington, the father of our country, and repeat them in their defense of spiritual, mental ideals:

Let us raise a standard, to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God.

Abraham Lincoln, the President of our great nation, whom every true American delights to honor and emulate, left this rich legacy of his Soul-inspired words:

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; . . . government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

I am telling you these words, dear children, that they may make a spiritual mental impression, which will help

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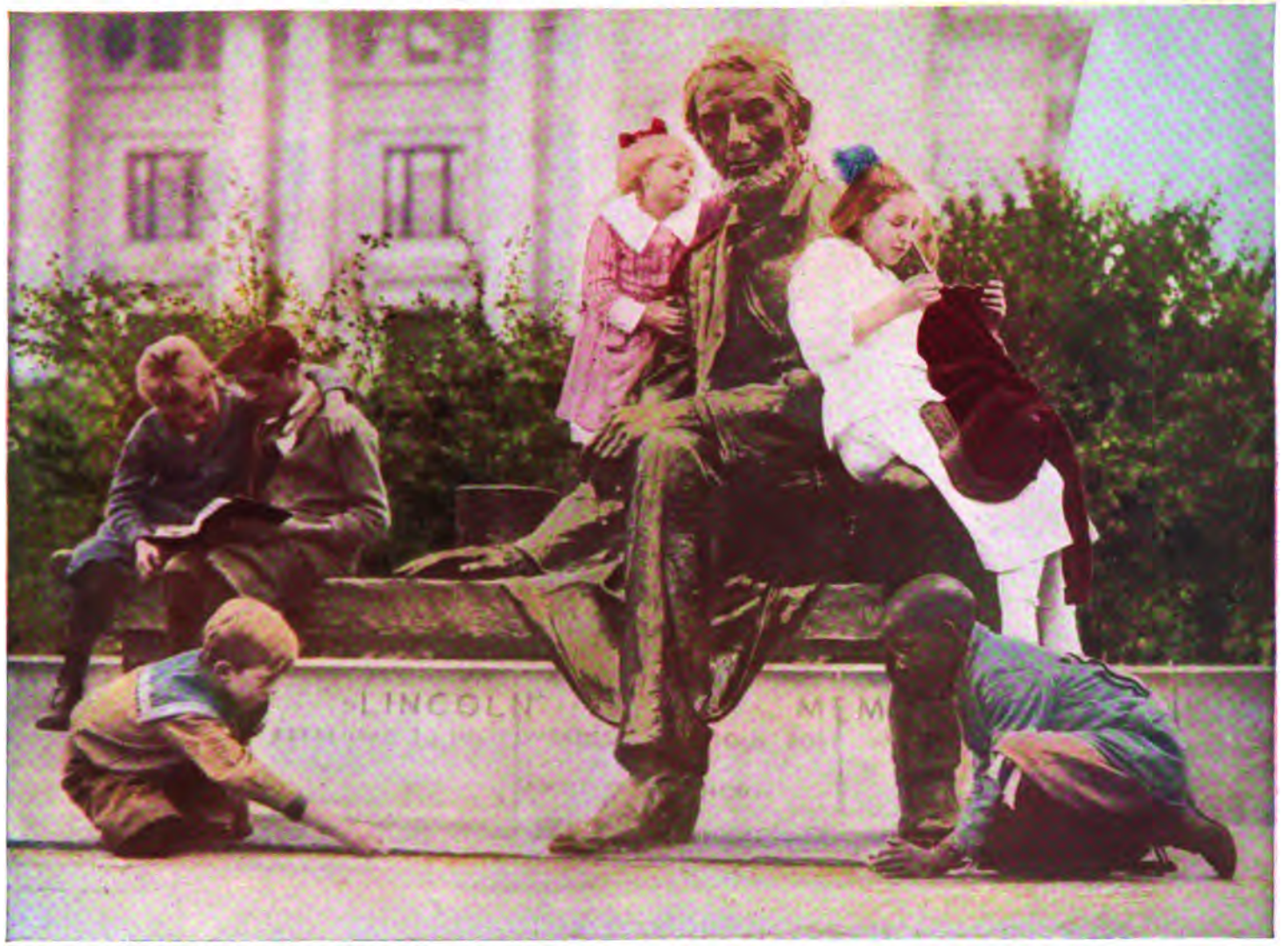
you to preserve America's spiritual ideals and inspire you to become great and good, as were Washington and Lincoln. It was said of Washington that he never told a lie. Both he and Lincoln were truthful, honest, and brave. Washington and Lincoln united in one firm purpose, to establish a nation which should be governed by God, good, eternal Life, Love, and Truth, and they succeeded. To-day, true Americans depend upon God for guidance, and try to obey His protecting and sustaining law, upon which America was founded. This will continue to make America the haven of rest, peace, and prosperity. Dear children, let *us* help to make America truly the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

America, America, on-pressing van
Of all the hopes of waking man,
 We love thy flag!—
Thy stately flag of steadfast stars,
And white, close held to heart-red bars,
 Which none shall drag!

.

America, America, the God of love,
Whose name is ev'ry name above,
 Is thy defense.

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"Abraham Lincoln, the President of our great nation, whom every true American delights to honor and emulate."—(*Page 23.*)

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'Tis thou must lead the longing world
From phantom fears, to Love's unfurled
Omnipotence.

(*Alice Morgan Harrison.*)

Love never harms anyone, but blesses all. Remember, dear children, that you can be very happy and healthy, and make others happy, if you are loving and unselfish and grateful for every thing that your parents or big brothers and sisters do for you, or that anyone does for you, to make you happy. Did you ever awake early some cold winter morning, while it was yet dark, and hear the milkman rattle the bottles, as he left the nice milk for your breakfast,—and as you snuggled in your warm bed, that your dear earthly father and mother had provided for you, did you send out to the milkman a loving thought, a grateful thought, and ask God to keep him happy and warm? Did you ever think how many are working to make our clothes, our coats and shoes and hats and dainty little frocks,—how many sew, and sew, and sew? And sometimes they must be very tired; but they finish their work and it comes to us to supply our needs. Do we forget to be grateful for all they provide for us? Never

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think that *buying* these things is all we have to do for them. We must be grateful. Selfish, unkind, ungrateful children are never happy. The twentieth century children are learning that loving thoughts, grateful, unselfish thoughts, make them healthy and happy.

I am so glad that you, little ones of the twentieth century, will know the difference between the thought that makes you well and the thought that makes one sick. I think I will tell you another experience of my childhood, which will make you grateful that you did not live in the days when people did not know what a power thought is. A friend of my father's, a lawyer, told me he would give me a bright silver dollar, if I would learn and repeat to him some verses of the Mother Goose Rhymes. I was four years old and had learned to read. The silver dollar seemed a great reward. Mother gave me the book and I began to commit the verses. By the way, children, perhaps you never saw this book. I hope you never did. If you have seen it, then you know that Mother Goose was indeed a goose to send out such foolish rhymes for little children to hear from nurses and mothers. I will tell you several; and when you learn that thoughts are forces for good or

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bad, for love and peace and joy and strength, or for fear and discord and sometimes pain,—when you learn this, you will be glad that you are the twentieth century children, and know how to think and speak. One rhyme reads thus:

> Rock-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top,
> When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
> When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
> Down comes the cradle, and baby, and all.

Just think, children, of repeating such words to babies! Babies think, and they feel the thought of nurse, or mother, or whoever cares for them. If baby went to sleep, thinking it was in the cradle and the cradle was on the tree top, and if it heard the last words of the nurse, "When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall," no wonder that it awoke in the night and cried out with fear that it was coming down, "cradle and all." Nursey or mother might have thought baby had a stomach-ache and given it some peppermint tea, but *we* know that it was fear that awakened the baby, and only love destroys fear.

But people did not know in those days that thoughts influenced for good or bad, so they were not responsible,

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as they are to-day. Think of another one of Mother Goose's many rhymes, with which the children of the nineteenth century were treated:

Hi diddle, diddle,
The cat played the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

What a stretch of imagination,—asking a child to believe that a heavy mooley cow could jump over the moon! Think of a kitty playing the fiddle and then try to convince the child that a dish could run away with a spoon! These are only samples of the rhymes with which little children were entertained. They surely could not, from these mental impressions, develop intelligence, but instead, as they grew older, they suspected people of untruths and deceptions, and of saying things that could not be so. Thus the children's sweet faith was lessened and they were made to doubt and distrust.

Mrs. Eddy tells us to keep our minds "so filled with Truth and Love, that sin, disease, and death cannot enter them.' Little children are learning that they must think

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God (good) thoughts, which will make them happy and healthy and help every one to be good and loving and unselfish and happy. The children of this age, who are taught to think as Christ Jesus taught, and to think that God made them good and that He made every one good, and that the universe and all things that we see are God's work,—when they learn that He gives them life because He is Life, and that they are loving and good because He is Love and governs His own children,—when, I say, little children and "children of a larger growth" learn this and follow the teaching of Christ Jesus and Mary Baker Eddy, they will be healthy and happy and have every thing they need. Our Father-Mother God, Life and Love, owns the whole *real* world. The so-called dream-world He, God, never made. It will some day disappear and the real will appear. The people will some day learn to say these words, which Mrs. Eddy gave to the world:

There is no life, truth, intelligence, nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Therefore man is not material; he is spiritual.

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All are being taught the power of Love and Truth and their relation to their heavenly Father, eternal Mind. Earthly parents, having suffered so much from wrong thinking in the Adam-dream, will themselves abandon sick and evil thoughts, which lead to suffering and sorrow, and will teach their dear little ones to keep their minds so filled with Truth and Love and gratitude for the good things that God, Love, has sent them, that selfish, ungrateful, false thoughts, that would make them unhappy, or sick, will be crowded out,—destroyed.

Some time ago, a lady wrote me and asked if I would contribute some verses, or prose, for a book which she was compiling, the profits of which were to go to a Pure Milk Fund for poor little children. I mentally denied that there were any *poor* little children, for our and their Father-Mother God is rich and can supply every need. But I replied to her letter, that I would send her something. Here are the verses which I wrote and to which I set some music for those dear little children. They are also for the twentieth century little ones, and I hear that nurses and mothers and big sisters and big brothers are singing them to the children all over the

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country. So dear children, let us together sing *Love's Lullaby* to all the little children in the world. Remember me always as your loving friend.

LOVE'S LULLABY

Lullaby, baby dear, cradled in blue,
 Angels and mother-love watch over you,
Under your slumber robe, precious one, rest,
 Lullaby, sleep-a-bye, in your soft nest.

Lullaby, little one, soar in your dream
 Over the housetop, the mountain and stream;
Higher and higher, love, soon you will fly
 Into the dreamland on Love's Lullaby.

Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
 Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through;
In your sweet slumber Love's Lullaby hear:
 "God and His angels and mother are near."

Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings
 Over the cradle of peasant and kings,

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"Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through;
In your sweet slumber Love's Lullaby hear:
'God and His angels and mother are near.'"

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"God is the Father and Mother of all,"
This is Christ's message to great and to small.

Love clothes the lily in radiant white,
Love feeds the lambkins and guards through the night,
Love broodeth over each hamlet and hall,
Love never faileth, but careth for all.

Augusta E. Nelson.



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Love's Lullaby

Andante

Words and Music by
Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D.



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5. Love clothes the lil - y in ra - diant white, Love feeds the
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lamb-kins and guards through the night, Love brood-eth o - ver each
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ham-let and hall, Love nev - er fail - eth, but car - eth for all.
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Greetings and a Message to the Dear Children

By Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D.



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